

Where will you wake up?

by SrGracias1337

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Summary: A Spartan wakes up in a really strange world after activating ONI's Cole contingency plan in an overrunned facility, not what he would have expected I assure you. Follow him as he tries to find out where he is, how or more accurately IF he can get back. (Temporary Summary along with a probably temporary title)

1. The talk (Teaser)

I've had this idea for a while. It all started with me and one of my friends talking, we started about game related things, then talking about the newest pokemon ds game, after we suddenly jumped to x-overs (Random isn't it?) and for whatever reason we ended up with: "Dude, wouldn't it be weird to write about a xover about Halo / PokÃ©mon?"

So here we are...

ANYWAY! I'm working on both this and my other project BUT I came up with an idea, a Teaser (Well it was my friends idea but he can sue me for all I care.)

This is it. Enjoy

* * *

><p>"Ahhâ€¦ just the way I like it"<p>

"â€¦Bitterâ€¦"

Midday, in the living room.

Two people sat on a couch one in front of the other, both of them sipping their respective cups.

One of them wore a lab-coat, as he calmly sat, peacefully enjoying

the simple pleasures of his daily life. He had lived through many different events, and although this conversation was strange or even astounding it was still within the margin of possibilities that could occur in this world. That and as a scientist he was already used to expect the unexpected.

The other one was a man with a huge constitution, wearing a dark t-shirt with 4 letters written on it and having part of his left arm bandaged. This guy on the other hand wasn't having such a good time, as you could clearly see in his face, his mind racing about many different things.

There was a relative silence for a few minutes as you could feel the one-sided tension.

"Sorryâ€¦ Professor, Was it? But I'd like to go over this one more timeâ€¦" the injured man voiced placing his cup on the table. He didn't know why but he was taking this much better than he would have expected, probably because it hadn't truly sunk in yet.

"Of course, I'm pretty sure this must be quite a shocking experience." The other man replied nonchalantly, taking another sip from his cup.

"Let's go over it one more time from the beginning. Until today, you have never heard about the United Nations Space Command, correct?"

"Yes, I have never heard of an organization named as such."

"You also said that you don't have the technology to achieve spaceflight, leaving out any question of having a ship with Slipspace capacity for faster than light travel, ending with me having almost no hope of returning to UNSC controlled space, right?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it does." The older man simply replied for the second time today. He was still curious about what 'Slipspace' was but he also figured it wouldn't be a good time to ask about it right now.

The soldier simply grabbed his cup and drank half of its contents in one go, visibly a little anxious. Forcing himself to calm down.

"Ok, that helped." He took a deep breath "Since I'm essentially stuck here, I'd like to ask a few things about this world." The soldier immediately added.

"Go right ahead, I'll answer as many questions as I can." The professor nodded, smiling as they had finally gotten past the first part.

"First I'd like to confirm my current location, I was told that this place was called Pallet Town, inside the 'region' of 'Kanto'? How many regions are there?"

The professor chuckled "Yes, we're in Pallet Town which is part of the Kanto region. And as for the second question, our world is divided in many different regions being: Kanto, Johto, The Orange Islands, Hoenn, Sinnoh, Unovaâ€¦ Just to name a few. I won't go into the specifics today, seeing that you've already got enough to chew on

your plate."

The soldier nodded, thankful for the Professor's understanding. Although he still had one more question to ask.

"I know this might seem odd, but is this world filled with these?" He started motioning to the different creatures that were doing their own things in the room, starting with the group of smaller one that were near the professor, and ending with the one that was peacefully resting next to his spot " 'creatures'?"

The professor started to laugh lightly, he picked up some sort of treats on the table and then lowered his open hand near the floor, prompting the small creatures to get close, which they did. "Yes, we call them 'Pok mon' and they are also the inhabitants of this world. I've spent my whole life studying Pok mon and there's still thousands of thing that we don't know about them. There are hundreds of different species out there and not a day goes by in which I don't learn something new. You'll see them as partners with their trainers, as they both fight in battle to prove who is the strongest, as friends who you live with, or loyal companions which travel beside you in your journey towards the unknown  Pok mon are many different things in this world, they come in many sizes, have many different abilities and I know that it will be impossible for me to discover all of their mysteries, even if I live on for hundreds of years." He passionately added as he gave treats or petted the small creatures, with a bright smile on his face.

A small mouse looking Pok mon lost interest in the professor as it jumped on the table, looking curiously at the soldier.

"Pi-chu?" it said, tilting its head in an adorable way.

The soldier shook its head "What and obnoxious world " he voiced as he leaned forward, stretching his right hand.

The professor chuckled "It's almost as if someone-

** (A/N: Oi! Oi! Hold on a second**

** W-B: Professor, this isn't what we talked about.**

** P.O: Well I thought it would seem better this way; giving the story a bit of 4****th**** wall breaking, wouldn't it?**

** W-B:   Please, just stick to the script would you?**

** P.O: Well the thing is, I'm the guest here. It's not like you own me or anything in the Pok mon Universe or even in Halo for that matter. Which means you can't force me to do it.**

** W-B: Srly?! You bring out the legal issues? What the ff-**

** End A/N)**

"- or something is messing with you isn't it?" the professor added in a low voice.

"Still  I've got to admit " he added as he attempted to scratch the small mouse pokemon under its chin "  some of these guys are

quite cute."

"Chaaaa-" cooed the pleased pokemon, closing its eyes from the pleasure. A little smile edged on the soldiers face.

* * *

><p>That's the end of the teaser, I basically worked on this and my other project when I THANKFULLY got some spare time from college.

I'm already writing about the story settings in one of my draft docs...

I'm also open to external comments here, tell me what you think, review, comment, suggest or PM if you want.

Thx for stopping to read this^^.

2. First Awakening

Alright, here is the first part of the introduction chapters.

Just to make it clear, this fic starts in the same AU halo-verse as my other fic.

Anyway let me make this clear for anyone who reads this: I do NOT own any right pertaining Halo or PokÃ©mon franchises (And sadly, never will.) this applies to every chapter or any fic I write about.

I do ask that any OC I create or use is respected and as such; if you want to use them please ask me or their respective owner/s.

That is all for now, please enjoy.

* * *

><p>"â€|akeâ€|upâ€| onâ€| GET UP SPARTAN!"<p>

My eyes snapped open just as I felt the whole world shake around me. I shot up by reflex while I looked around trying to figure out where I was. I was sitting on top of a gurney inside what looked like a medbay, the sound of explosions and firefight didn't pass unnoticed either.

"Where am I? What's going- Arg!" I flinched feeling a really sharp pain on my left shoulder, I unconsciously grinded my teeth as I grabbed it.

"At Last!" It was the same cold voice I heard before waking up, one whose owner always got on my nervesâ€|

Next to my gurney I noticed a holo-projector, with the image of that voice's owner on top of it.

Have you ever heard or seen those 5 or 6 century old vids about spies

and whatnots? Well take the typical black spy outfit (sunglasses and everything) and that's the avatar this ONI AI (never bothered to learn its name) chose. He also had the obnoxious British attitude to go with the looks. I found it really annoying.

"Fuck this hurtsâ€|Where am I and what the hell is going on _Negro_?" (Yes, that's the way I call it, I know it doesn't like it but that only makes it more fun.)

"Kilo outpost's medbay, and before you continue to voice any foul-mouthed words because of the pain, I suggest you inject yourself some stimulants, wouldn't you agree champ?" it merely replied, ignoring my earlier comment, while he pointed towards one of the small supply drawers, as on queue it opened.

Grunting as I grabbed the syringe containing the stimulants, trying to get my mind off the splitting pain I felt. Quickly stabbing my right leg, the stims almost instantly started to take their effect. I exhaled, my mind started to clear when the pain subsided, it was still there though, and it must have been an extremely serious injury. "That did the trickâ€|" another explosion brought me back to reality "Wait, what happened to my shoulder?"

The AI sighed, well; it made it look like he was sighing. "As I'm not sure you are aware of the current situation, I don't have the time to recall what happenedâ€| Although, does mentioning you fighting against 7 Promethean knights ring any bells?"

_'Oh yeah, that DID happen.' _I began to recall the events from the previous dayâ€| I shook my head, now wasn't the time for remembering. _'FOCUS! I'm sure those aren't fireworks.' _

"The outpost is currently under attack by Brutes bandits. I theorize they detected the artifact's energy output, leading to our current predicament." _Negro_ indifferently added.

I stood up, grunting as I felt sore through most of my body, for some reason I didn't feel as alert as I should have, being my base under attack and all, must be because of the sedatives. I looked around the room searching for useful items. "Hey _Negro_, where's my armor?"

"Unusable in the state you brought it." the AI replied "May I remind you how complicated and expensive an Mk XII is?"

I simply grunted in reply, yeah of course I knew; I'm the one who had to take care of it in the first place. _'Wait!' _my mind went into overdrive.

"Did you just say we're under attack, by Brutes?!" I quickly began to search the room, ignoring the pain.

The AI visibly scowled (yeah, with the glasses and everything, really scary.) "Unbelievable. Yes, and things aren't going well out there. I suggest swiftly getting to the command center."

I found a black UNSC t-shirt along with some fatigues, probably for when I woke up. This wasn't the best situation I've been into, Brutes looked like some dumbass gorillas but they still put up a nasty fight. Counting the facts that I was without armor (effectively: I

had no shields OR titanium plating armor), injured and without a weaponâ€¦ You don't need to be the brightest to see that this left me with little options: Basically having me fistfight brutes, which is one huge no-no. Thankfully I'm able to fix that last part.

"_Negro_, don't want to state the obvious BUT I need a weapon." I deadpanned, looking around.

The AI sighed again "Although this completely violates 64-correction, 65 clauses in medbay operation protocols. I'm pleased to inform you: there are a few weapons inside that desk's closet."

I quickly ran through its contents, An M6K, clips, DMR, more clipsâ€¦ That's it.

'Damn. Here I am, wounded and without armor, having to face brutes in close quarters and all I get is a pistol and the DMR with barely ammo for 2 magsâ€¦ Wonderful. If only I had a shotgunâ€¦' No use complaining, work with what's given. I holstered the pistol along with the clips.

I aimed the DMR, aiming the weapon.

"Get the door _Negro_." I added, ready for whatever was behind that door.

"On it Spartan, opening in 3â€¦2â€¦1â€¦" as he finished the door opened.

There was a brute right behind it, a puzzled brute. I seemed like it was about to slam the door just as it opened. It jolted in realization when he saw me there. (You know, brutes aren't the smartest gorillas in the bunch.)Roaring as it prepared to lunge against me.

"SMASH!"

Bang

thump

â€¦

"What a moronâ€¦ didn't even have its shields onâ€¦"

Stepping over the recently deceased ape, I walked out of the medbay.

* * *

><p>"*huff* I thought you said they were just some bandits
huff"<p>

[Correct]

"Isn't it more like a small army?"

[I never said they were small in numbers]

"*huff* Wonderful."

It's barely been 7 minutes after leaving the medbay, and I've already killed around 14- make that 15 monkeys.

I had to admit, the DMR proved to be really useful; only needing a few shots in the head to take them down. Too bad I ran out of ammo 4 minutes agoâ€|

Now, the only thing I had to fend them off was the handgun, with only 2 full mags left. Brutes were taking over the base fast.

"We're almost at the CC, sir." The private I helped earlier reported, after we'd mopped any remaining hostile we could see "Just around this corner."

Turning around the corner, we faced the reinforced door. _Negro_ kindly opened it for us, revealing the CC, just as the pvt. had promised.

Everything was a mess, I only counted eleven soldiers in fighting shape and around three wounded.

Next to one of the mainframes, was the man who had given me the orders recently, an ONI spook: Operative Smith. Contrary to popular belief, I didn't really hate the man; he only did what he had to for the mission, which is something I respect.

"You're not dead?" he plainly voiced as soon as I got close. Yes, he's also a complete jerk.

"This is the afterlife? I'd like a refund, sir." I merely shrugged, this normally got on his nerves.

"In case you hadn't notice; we're in a really serious situation, Spartan." Smith snapped as he scowled.

"What's the situation?" I seriously replied.

"We're pulling out in one of the pelicans, you've seen how much they've already done, there is no way a couple of marines and a handicapped Spartan can turn this around, hell this outpost only had a token force when we arrived." The man relayed.

"Pulling out? But sir-"

"That's an order, Spartan! We're enacting the failsafe plan, like it or not!" the official chided. "Agent! Give me a sit-rep."

Ahh, that was the AI's name.

"I'm sorry, but I don't detect any other live human signature in the other facilities, the Spartan and the Private were the last ones." The AI informed as his avatar popped on the holo-terminal.

Smith inserted what looked like a key-card in one of the slots. "Activate the Cole contingency protocol, clause 1; wipe out anything these bastards could use."

Just like the Cole protocol, the contingency plan was established as a failsafe plan to be used in case of any base being overrunned by

enemy forces.

Clause 1 was to basically destroy ANY data or intel that could fall into the enemy hands. In other words 'You want this? Well I'm gonna delete everything'.

"Acknowledged, deleting all mainframes in the base." The AI replied.

The spook nodded, then turned around "Spartan, come with me to the-

One of the doors exploded as three brutes entered, firing their spikers blindly.

Unfortunately, some of the spikes pierced through Smith's chest.

'Damn' On instinct, I grabbed the injured officer, taking cover behind one of the tables.

"SUPPRESIVE FIRE ON THAT DOOR!" I roared, already focused on the battle. The sound of twelve different weapons filled the room as they filled the intruders with automatic firepower, I also shot my handgun.

Everything went quiet after a few seconds.

I quickly tended to the operative, there were spikes on his chest, and he was bleeding out really fast. 'He's losing too much blood! Dammit, find a way to stop it!' It didn't look so good.

His hand grabbed my wrist "Spartanâ€|" he weakly voiced.

"Hang on sir; we'll get you out of here." I offhandedly said, still focused on his wounds.

He shook his head, he held up the keycard "Take itâ€| Get to theâ€| Armoryâ€| get the artifactâ€|activate the Cole contingencyâ€|plan" he then whispered the last code "Goâ€| that's myâ€|finalâ€|ordâ€|eâ€|râ€|" he added with a small pained smirk as he left this world.

"Yes, sirâ€|" I slowly nodded as I grabbed his keycard "Shitâ€| Who's the highest ranking marine here?" I asked, standing up.

"Sergeant Benjamin, Sir!" one of them answered.

"Alright, sergeant I want you to hold this position and get the wounded onto the pelican, I need to take care of a few things in the armory, I'll meet you back on the bird." I relayed already heading for the armory's entrance. Someone had died on his hands, just like back thenâ€|

It seems all the action had reopened my wounds; blood started tinting the white bandages. If it weren't for the stims, I'd probably be unconscious.

The armory had 3 levels: The main level was right next to the CC; here is where you'd normally keep most of the weapons ammo and armor,

then there was the 1st sublevel; Right beside the main ground-vehicle bay, finally there was the 2nd sublevel nicknamed _The vault_; here is where you kept anything with high explosives, or in this case also the artifact.

It took every ounce of my strength to get to the vault; every fiber of my being screamed in pain, my vision started getting blurry and my shoulder's bandage had already turned crimson.

But Spartans always got the job done. I still had one last mission to accomplish.

I stumbled onto the main control panel, next to it; you could see the shielded shape shifting gem-like artifact I helped recover a few days ago.

Focusing on my task, I began to override the security restrictions on the explosive charges, there were enough explosives to level this building 4 times. _Negro's_ avatar flickered to existence on the nearby holopad.

"_Negro_, override the artifacts safety field while I get this done." I grunted, the AI replied but I was too focused on getting my part done. I began typing the final failsafe code needed to activate the charges.

Let me give you the last Cole contingency plan sequence crash-course:
Blow every-fucking-thing up.

_ 'Just a few keys left.' _

"William!" the AI yelled, instantly catching my attention. That was my name which only a few had the right to call me. He wasn't one of them; and that pissed me off.

I turned around, not bothering to voice the question.

"We have a problem." It simply said.

"No shit, you think?" I angrily retorted "I told you to crack the artifact's case."

It shook its head "The artifact's energy is too unstable, we can't move it like this."

"I don't care. I got stabbed while helping you spooks get it; we are NOT leaving it behind." I immediately snapped back.

"If we move the artifact as it is, it could violently release most of that energy causing an explosion akin to 10 NOVA bombs, Spartan!" the AI sternly explained.

_ 'Wonderful, the same power as 10 fucking planet destroyers.' _

"Any alternatives? We can't just leave it for the brutes!" I quickly inquired.

"Nothing certain." It said, in a sad tone.

"Shitâ€¦" I opened a comm. channel with the control panel "Sierra

here, can anyone read me?"

[Spartan! The Brutes are making another push for the CC but we've got the injured onto the pelican, are you done yet?] Came a voice from the comm., probably the sergeant. You could also hear the firefight happening around him.

"I've got a development down here, still working on it."

[Roger, we'll hold the CC for now, but I don't think we can keep this up for more than a few minutes.]

I sighed, there is no way we can solve this problem in a few minutesâ€¦ Besides; I don't think I had the strength to get back up to the CC.

'Looks like this is it.'

"Belay that, I'm starting the countdown, you've got 5 minutes to fall back to the bird and cover as much distance as you can."

[â€¦|Sir?]

"Clocks ticking, soldier."

[Iâ€¦| Yes, sirâ€¦| I-I'm sorry]

I chuckled softly "It's not your fault marine, just make it count." With that I cut off the comm.

I began to type the last sequence.

"What are you up to?" the AI asked.

"If we can't take the artifact then no one is going to have it. Give me a five-minute countdown." I voiced just as I finished synchronizing the charges to a hand-held detonator.

"You do realize there's still an enormous risk, right?" the AI simply asked

"Yup, but this is the best I can come up with." Almost ready
"Complete the mission, whatever it takes."

The control panel beeped: **Failsafe Modeâ€¦| Awaiting trigger.**

It is done.

Pushing myself away from the console, I crumbled with my back resting against the artifact's casing.

I didn't feel pain any longer, although I also couldn't move my left arm, at all.

My vision went blurry, time seemed to pass slowly.

I saw _Negro's_ humans sized avatar flicker, as he also sat next to me. "The pelican is away, no more human signatures in the base." He simply said.

They say that when you're about to die, your life flashes in front of you. That didn't happen to me. I lived what probably was the most peaceful 5 minutes in my whole life pass.

"One minute remaining." The AI informed. He also took off the hat and glasses his avatar wore.

****00:30****

I faintly smiled "You know _Negro_; we never got along from the start."

He laughed "Yes that is true. Even from the start we never did."

****00:15****

"It was an honor working with you William." He added, I didn't mind him calling me by my name, funny things happen when you're about to die.

I chuckled "Thanksâ€¦ And you know _Negro_?... Honestly speakingâ€¦ Working with youâ€¦"

*****Click*****

"Has been a blast." I added, grinning madly while triggering the detonator.

And everything turned white.

* * *

><p>That's it for the first chapter^^.

****Comments, suggestion, ideas... please review or PM if needed, I'm always open to external comments here!****

****Thank you for spending some time reading this fic.****

3. Nexus

****Alright, here's another small update for you guys.****

****As always I'd like to thank everyone who reviewed, followed, faved, PM'd or showed any other interest in this fic^^ thanks!****

****Here goes:****

* * *

><p>I started to regain consciousness.<p>

"Ughâ€¦"

My body felt like shitâ€¦ But this didn't stop me from slowly opening my eyes.

It seemed like I woke up in a really odd placeâ€¦ I've been to many ruins, cities, planets, ships, labsâ€¦ you name it. But never like this.

What caught my attention weren't the things I could seeâ€¦ Rather the lack of them.

'â€¦Where am Iâ€¦?'

The only aspect I could clearly discern was the floor; which had a dark grayish color. There were no walls, roof or even the sky. Nothingâ€¦ Just what looked like an infinite black void everywhere I fixed my eyes on.

Barely managing to stand up, I gazed around, trying to catch my bearings. This whole thing was a bit disorientingâ€¦ Everywhere you faced appeared the sameâ€¦

"What is this place?" I dimly uttered to no one.

'And how did I get hereâ€¦Wait!' Just then, I started to recall what took place in the last few days, that ONI spook, Arcadia, the ruins, fighting 7 Promethean knights, waking up in a gorilla infested outpost andâ€¦ the chargesâ€¦

The last thought took several seconds to process (Which normally is a fuckload of time for just a single thought, of course I probably wouldn't qualify this as your daily reflection.)

'Iâ€¦ died?'

Considering the facts: I was seriously injured and blood lossâ€¦ Oh yeah, if that didn't do the trick, I'm sure the explosives with enough power to level the outpost (four times) did. When I found nothing but darkness around me, this seemed like the only possible outcome.

I chuckled, and then flinched when another wave of pain ran up my body.

"Damnâ€¦ I'm dead and I still feel pain" I chuckled "sucks to be me."

"I'm afraid that is incorrect." a voice spoke.

This made me react, violently; I looked around searching for the voices origin, my body and especially my left arm screamed in pain caused by the surplus movement, but I disregarded it.

â€¦ I found nothingâ€¦ I only saw darknessâ€¦ was I going crazy?

"Again, that is incorrect." The female voice echoed once more, this time it appeared to be amused.

I went into full alert, but this time I didn't bother to look around as much.

"Do not fret; I have no intention of causing you harm." No wonder I couldn't pin-point the origin, the voice seemed to echo everywhere at

the same timeâ€¦ Even inside my headâ€¦ Weirdâ€¦

"It has been a really long time since the last visitors arrived. You're lucky I was nearby when I felt the disturbance." Wait, visitors, disturbance?

"What are you talking about? What is this place?" I immediately inquired, still mindful of my surroundings.

I heard her chuckle, and I felt even more confused. _"There is no name for this place, although it was referred to by the earlier visitors as the 'Nexus'. The middle ground between the world you come from, and my own."_

Ok, that's somewhat easy to understand. Still doesn't explain how I got here though. If I had blown a ship's drive core maybe (who knows we're you end up in a slipspace technical? Really scary shit.)â€¦ But I'm pretty sure high-explosives don't cause a rupture in time and space, probablyâ€¦

"You said that someone arrived here before, right? What happened to them?" Might as well find out, 'cause I'm in the same spot.

"Yes, although it happened a very long time ago, and if your knowledge is correct, they are long gone." Is it reading my- You know what? I don't care anymore.

That was the key, I came up with the answerâ€¦ she was talking about the Forerunnersâ€¦ Everything started to click in: Why it happened that long ago and probably the reason I ended up here: the artifact we recoveredâ€¦

That answers my question of how I got hereâ€¦now, how do I get out? Is there some way to get back?

Another wave of pain swept my body, my legs gave in and it took all my effort to stop from collapsing on the floor, I groaned from the impact. "Shitâ€¦ I need to find a way to get back" I huffed trying to focus my thoughts on something else and not my injuries.

A figure appeared in front of me, taller than myselfâ€¦ I barely managed to distinguish a few things with my blurring eyesight: It had two pairs of long legs, white fur, and what looked like a golden ringâ€¦ I've never seen anything like itâ€¦ but of one thing I'm certain: It isn't human.

My instincts took over while I struggled to stand up to face the figure and against losing my consciousness. Then it spoke.

"I'm not able to send you back where you once belonged, that door closed just after you came through." The same voice from before, although this time there was something else I could clearly feel in it: Power.

Even in my current state, I understood what it meant: There was no way to get back, in other words, I'm screwed.

"But" It added _"I am capable of bringing you to a world different from what you knew, a place where you may be able to cleanse your soul from sorrow and war."_ It then offered.

I unconsciously grinned, far too out of it to really understand what I heard "Sureâ€¦ about time I got some R&Râ€¦" Maybe it smiledâ€¦ or maybe it smirkedâ€¦ I wasn't sure because as soon as I voiced those last words I felt my eyelids drop letting the darkness take over my consciousnessâ€¦

"As you wish, William."

* * *

><p>That's it for the chap.

if you have any comments, suggestion, idea , plottwists or anything along the line please review or PM if you need to.

Thanks for reading^^.

4. Arrival

"Shit! Not this again!"

Not the words you'd expect to hear after opening your eyes and finding yourself stranded in the middle of a forest, right?

Thing is; when you've been stabbed, tossed into an ape shoot out, blown up the outpost you were in, woke up literally in the middle of nowhere and finally end up in a forestâ€¦ Things stop being what you expect them toâ€¦

I carefully got up, pushing back these lingering questions for now; I had to focus on finding where I was, how I got here is something I can verify later.

Thankfully, my wounds had stopped bleeding for the moment, and although I still had to change the now crimson bandages, I'd probably avoid the danger of bleeding out if I kept from making any rash movements. It still hurt like hell though.

As I moved around, the scene seemed oddly familiar; the vegetation looked an awful lot like what I've seen one of the times I've been on Earth. Of course, this couldn't be Earth, could it?

I kept on the move, just like I did in survival training all those years ago. The nostalgic feeling drew a pained smile on my face, same situation as back then: no armor, supplies, weapons, map or any means of communication.

But I also knew I had made it once, adding the recent injuries, this had only become a challenge which Spartans were all too used to.

I also couldn't help but think about springing one of the Instructors 'Surprises' he used to leave around in every training drill he'd be in charge of. Such as traps, mines, hidden commandos, more mines, automatic turrets and there also was that one time when he actually called an airstrike because we dared himâ€¦ That had not been funâ€¦

'Well, either way, this shouldn't be too difficult.'

A howl pierced the peaceful silence, followed by several others.

'â€|Or not.'

"Well, shit." I cursed audibly, mentally kicking myself for forgetting to consider the dangers regarding the wildlife. Now I really wished I were carrying a weapon.

Once, a long time ago when I began my training, we were shown some footage about how one of earths animal predators fought in groups against their prey. And by the sound of it, he brought a bunch of his friends.

"Damnit, just what I needed: wolves." Focusing almost instantly on the threat, I ran through my options.

In my current state, it would be useless to run through a forest; first, because I couldn't go nearly as fast as I could normally and secondly it would probably reopen my wounds, and feeling that they'd probably catch on the scent of blood which coated the bandages, hiding would be also out of the equationâ€|

Of course thus led to the only option I was all too familiar of: Fight.

Almost immediately, I started to see some figures blur in the forest around me. It probably would end up with a close call: noticing the handful of figures that slowly began circling nearby, only having my right arm in an acceptable shape to fight with and without any sort of weapon made things look a bit dicey. I grinned; Even if they clearly had the upper hand, it wouldn't by any means suggest they weren't going to have a hard time taking me down. My actions had earned two titles in the past, one of which I gladly baredâ€| It was time to show them I wasn't 'The Gladiator' without a reason.

Minding my surroundings, I shifted towards the center of a clearing, aiming to flush the attackers out in the open, standing ready for the unavoidable encounter. It worked.

I could see figures moving around me, exiting the cover which the flora provided. I was caught by surprise; I had expected to see wolves but was instead faced with what I could only describe as odd looking dog-like animals with two different sizes: black fur with some red spots here and there but, oddly, seemed to have bonelike bands on their ankles and backs along with a skull like decoration or simply horns on their heads. All of them growling or barking as they circled around. I could see more of the smaller ones instead of the big ones, that was probably a good sign, but I had learned by experience never to judge a book by its cover, I kept my guard up, never allowing the creatures to have a shot at my back (which is easier said than doneâ€|).

This visibly annoyed the helldog creatures, as they began to snarl while they kept movingâ€| Not long after, I realized they had divided themselves in two groups, most of them staying in what I would call the outer ring while 3 of the big animals closed the distance around meâ€|

"So, you want a fight huh? Bring it on!" I confidently voiced, mostly to myself since the creatures weren't likely to understand my words. Not ten seconds later, it started.

Right after a few short barks, two of the creatures lunged simultaneously from both sides.

'Smartâ€|' I thought while swiftly sidestepping, and as soon as the creature was in range I punched it on the side with my good arm, although it wasn't a good hit as I had to follow the movement, kicking the other creature aside. Both of them yelped in surprise before hitting the ground. _'But not good enough.'_

After getting up, the creatures resumed growling at me only this time they seemed to be much more focused on what they were doing, probably realizing they had underestimated their opponent. And this time it looked like the third one was also having a go. I had won the first round but things weren't looking any better, in my current state I wouldn't last too long, but on the plus side, none of the others joined the fray. For now at leastâ€|

I snapped out of it when I heard a few bark and just as the three hounds were about to attack, a howl rang through the forest, completely stalling the fight.

I turned around searching for the one responsible; clearly noticing as a few of the doglike creatures in the outer ring stepped aside, revealing one of the larger hounds. Although this one looked different, he had the same color scheme as the others but it seemed to be a bit bigger, a few scars on its nozzle and one of itsâ€|horns? was crackedâ€| If I had money I'd bet everything on this mean looking creature being the leader of the packâ€| The other three began barking something back at it until another grave loud bark caused the whole clearing to fall silent.

'Yup that guy's definitely the boss.'

It approached the inner ring, howling when he got close and then crouching, as if about to attack.

Using my right hand I set my guard up, prepping my stance, if the others were scared of this guy I would not underestimate its capabilitiesâ€| Well, that's what I'd probably do if I had been thinking clearlyâ€| "Come on you overgrown pup" I taunted the creature "I'm neither afraid of you nor your little furball minions!"

That apparently did the trick: Along with pissing the creature off, it released a howl as it lunged towards me.

** (A/N rant**

W.B: And now time for an epic PKMN battle screen transition combined with the battle music for double epicness! "A wild H-

P.O: *Viciously slaps with a 'paper' fan, which hurt a whole f*** more than what you'd normally expect.**

**W.B: *takes head out of the keyboard* OW! What the hell is your

problem?! That hurts! And you almost made me break my keyboard!**

P.O: *slaps again* This, my boy, is what happens when you write something we haven't agreed upon.

W.B: But we never agreed on anything besides the fact I don't own you! And seriously what is that thing made of?!

P.O: *slap x3* shut up and keep writing.

W.B:*Cries* yes sirâ€|

A/N rant end)

Surprisingly, although it looked bigger, it moved considerably faster than the other creatures. Much faster than I had expected, which barely gave me the needed time to try sidestepping and dodging such a quick attack.

"Shit" I grunted while barely striking it with my good arm. Unfortunately, in my current state, I was unable to get a good hit inâ€|

But just as my fist made contact with the creature, it vanished.

"What-?" I barely managed to say just as something violently slammed against me from behind, striking against my injured left shoulder.

I blacked out for a moment; I felt my instinct take over as I used the momentum to spin around, ramming the attacker with my right elbow.

Everything blurred and I fell on my knee. Pain flared across my bodyâ€| There is only so much the body can handleâ€|

No! I'm a Spartanâ€|and Spartans always winâ€|

No furbal is going to be the end of me.

I fought against my rebelling muscles, trying to clear my vision. I seemed the other creature got up and I also noticed that everything I heard seemed muffled.

I couldn't feel my left armâ€|

The hound-like creature got up, readying its next attack. I wasn't sure I could handle another oneâ€|

"Come onâ€|" I barely rasped, using everything I had to try to stand up againâ€| but my body wouldn't hear any of it as my knee gave up once again.

This is itâ€|

Just as these words crossed my mind I heard muffled yelps or other animalistic noises, along with a white blur entered my field of vision... it stood right between the hound leader and myselfâ€|

From the looks of things, whatever this newcomer was, didn't look like it went along with the other creaturesâ€|

"Profâ€| thâ€|somâ€|ere!" I barely heard another voice from the sideâ€| a human? Where there humans in this place?

The distraction made me loose all my focus on trying to stay awakeâ€| my body collapsed.

I barely saw a few figures approaching, maybe they were humans, I didn't know. My eyes began to slowly closeâ€|

I tried to stay awake, keep my eyes open, I was stranded in the middle of unknown territory, but everything justâ€| feltâ€| tooâ€| heaâ€|vyâ€|

* * *

><p>That's it for now.

I'll start working on the next one soon.

I apologise for the really long wait, many things just came up... not even counting finals...

The next one WON'T take so long to be finished.

And lastly thx for anyone how PM'd or reviewed this fic^^ you make it much more worth writing.

End
file.